

Don't Starve: The Wilson Chronicles

by Nick Cypher

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Summary: When Wilson, The Gentleman Scientist, wakes up in a Demonic forest, he must do what it takes to survive. Including making friends and fighting a the Demon Maxwell

1. Wilson Wakes Up

Wilson woke up, almost blinded by the midday sun. '_Wait,_' He thought, '_Midday sun?_' He got up off of the ground and looked at the forest that surrounded him. The sun was high above, shining light and giving out heat. When Wilson looked around he saw nothing but a forest unknown to him or, frankly, anyone else

"Say, Pal." said a smooth voice from behind him.

Wilson turned around to see a tall man in a suit.

"You don't look so good," said the man, "You'd better find something to eat before night comes."

The man laughed like a madman, then vanished in a cloud of shadows. Wilson was scared for a variety of different of all, NIGHT! He had nothing that could provide light, much less something that could keep out whatever came out of the , he was supposed to find food. Wilson saw nothing but trees, grass, and more trees. Wilson looked up at the fast, falling sun. If he was going to find a meal and some shelter before night comes, he'd better hurry.

2. Darkness Approaches

Wilson walked through the forest looking for anything, anything that could be food. At one point, he grabbed a sturdy branch as he walked past, and started to use it as a walking had some ideas to use this stick for more things but decided to wait till, at least he had a camp. After about 10 minutes of collecting nothing but seeds and

branches, his mind's scientific wheels stared to turn, and he grinned.

About an hour later, Wilson had set up camp. He sat down on the makeshift branch chair and started popping seeds into his mouth. The camp wasn't the best, but he made due. A chair for resting, a fire pit (Which he had filled with branches), and a place for a bed when he gets one. Wilson yawned as he saw the sun going down. Wait, sun...going...DOWN. Wilson ran over to his fire pit and tried to make a fire the old fashioned way, rubbing two sticks together, Wilson looked into the distance and saw unearthly darkness, coming fast. He thought he saw, something in the darkness. He worked faster, trying to make a spark. With the darkness almost upon him, he did it. The spark lit the branches and leaves, making a fire. Whatever was in the darkness, stopped quickly and stayed away from the light. Wilson had been breathing heavily during the whole ordeal, and now started to calm down. He moved as close as he could to the fire, without getting burnt of course. He pulled over his makeshift bed and tried to go to sleep. When he finally fell asleep, the sun was already up.

End
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